

## A Serious Affair

The young woman with the tipped nose surveyed the young man with a perfect expression of sad sweetness. "I can't believe a word of what you say, you know," she said. "Well, I like that!" exclaimed the young man, reproachfully. "I'd like to know why. If I were like some men I might understand, but—"

"But of course you are different," the young woman suggested. He eyed her narrowly, but her expression of childlike innocence did not waver. "Of course I am," he affirmed, stoutly. "That's what I've been trying to impress upon you all these months. If you've learned as much as that I'm discouraged. You won't believe me just because you are contrary. If you'd stop to think you'd realize that my remarks are not in the least extravagant."

"There you go!" said the young man, with good eyesight would admit that you are the prettiest, sweetest—"There you go again," interrupted the young woman, resignedly.

The young man considered her for a moment, with his head on one side. "I have it!" he said at last. "You take this attitude just to lead me on and make me say more. You like to hear me say such things and it is just your clever, feminine way of dragging more of them out of me. Tell me, isn't that so?"

"Jimmie," said the pretty girl, in what seemed like frank admiration, "how did you find me out? I never thought for a minute you'd learn my secret. Now that you've discovered me, I suppose there is an end of it. You'll never say nice things to me again. It's going to be hard."

"You don't deserve that I should," admitted the young man, severely. "But I'm frightfully weak-minded and I don't believe I can help doing it. I've got into the habit, you know, and when I look at you the remarks just come without any volition on my part. I struggle against it."

"Yes, I've noticed you struggling," said the young woman. "And it's an entertaining spectacle."

"I'm glad you find me entertaining," said the young man, thankfully. "That's at least a start for me. Think what a happy home you could have with a village cut-up like myself in it as the illuminating star! Think of that and then consider your cruel refusal of my heart and hand!"

"What!" exclaimed the girl with the tipped nose. "How on earth did I let anything like that escape my notice? Did you actually propose to me, Jimmie, when I wasn't paying attention?"

"You'll lose something good some day by being so absent-minded," prophesied the young man. "Was I proposing to you? My goodness, girl, what have I been doing the last hour, if not that? Did you think I was chatting about a new croquet stick or the best way to make good bread?"

"Well, I wasn't sure," admitted the girl. "I never am perfectly sure just what you do mean. So it seems safer, as a rule, to think that whatever it is you say you don't mean it!"

"I never meant anything more in my life," insisted the young man.

"Possibly not," said the young woman. "Still, that doesn't prove anything, either. Why, if I were to believe you and get all excited and interested over the fact that you seemed to be asking me to marry you it is ten to one the conversation would turn out to be an advertisement for a new breakfast food! You see, I know you too well, Jimmie!"

"Can't you be serious?" asked the young man, forlornly.

The young woman rested her chin on one hand and surveyed him for a moment. "I'm every bit as serious as you are," she said at last.

"Say, this isn't a joke," he added. "You've known all along that I was head and heels—"

"I've known nothing of the sort," broke in the pretty girl, sternly, snuffing out her pompadour. "Did you suppose I was sitting up nights, wondering what your intentions were? Did you suppose I was worrying for fear I was going to lose you?"

"Not if you have average human intelligence!" said the young man. "In that case you have rested in peace for weeks, knowing you had me clinched. What I'm interested in discovering is what you are going to do with me. How do you aren't going to try to get all without me, are you?"

The girl and the young man gazed long and earnestly into one another's eyes. Hers fell first.

"To tell the truth, Jimmie," she admitted, "I don't believe I could!"—Chicago Daily News.

Not the Reason. "Perhaps," dolefully suggested the rejected suitor, "your refusal of me was prompted merely by the fact that I am a vegetarian."

"Your inference is quite erroneous," replied the Boston girl. "As a matter of fact I invariably prefer herbivorous to carnivorous animals."

Might Come to Texas. "If you continue as you are doing now how in the world do you expect to get to heaven?" "I don't expect to—not in the world!"—Houston Post.

## AUSTRALIAN INSURANCE.

Scheme by Which State Provides Cheap Protection to Settlers.

Consul General John P. Bray of Melbourne reports that the government of the Australian state of Victoria is about to undertake the experiment of state insurance in connection with the houses of settlers, which the government has erected on a scheme by which repayments by the occupants are extended over long periods.

It is estimated that the settlers will have to pay the government for the state insurance of the houses what is equal to an annual premium of not much more than one-fourth per cent. upon the value of the property, whereas if companies did the insuring the men would—according to departmental estimates—have to pay at the rate of between one-half per cent. and one per cent. The government has already accepted the responsibility for the 250 houses which have either been erected or are being built. The houses are wooden, and many of them are situated in localities where the fire fighting machinery is not of the most modern type. The companies offered to insure the places at premiums varying from \$2.55 to \$4.25, allowing ten per cent. discount. This would have cost the 250 settlers the price of about two houses a year.

The government program provides for the building of 500 new houses within the next two years. This will bring the total number up to 750 houses. According to the departmental estimates, if the government were to accept the insurance companies' terms it would cover the cost of six houses a year in insuring this number. The government hopes instead to charge the settlers less than would the companies, yet establish a substantial fund from which to meet all losses.

## TRADE MARKS.

Sherlock Holmes Picks Out the Vacationists and Labels Them.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the board walk, languidly injected a pint of cocaine into his sunburnt arm.

"My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vacationists. In their cheap white fashions, all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!"

"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down."

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for living ones."

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?"

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a groom. All good grooms are small and bowlegged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown."

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles in his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop facial muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."

Where the Octopus Abounds. "The rocky coast of Brittany," said a life guard, "abounds in octopus—the plevure, as they say down there."

"Walk a Breton beach at low tide—the beach of St. Lunard, for instance—and you will easily find in a half mile a score or more of perfect cuttlefish of those friable white bones that birds love."

"They are from six inches to a foot or more in length, snowy and very prettily shaped; they make nice ash trays. The peasants gather them for bird food, for ash trays, and also, I believe, for cigarette cases."

"They are bones of the octopus, and their abundance is a convincing proof of the octopus in those rock-strewn waters of France."—Minneapolis Journal.

More Important. "Ah! Mrs. Newcomb," said the up-pish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day—"

"Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Asked to Stay In. In Changsha the other day all the foreigners received a communication from the Taoist requesting them to remain within their own doors for a period of four days, as a religious festival was in progress, and the Taoist could not hold himself responsible for the safety of foreigners who would venture among the crowds.—Hong-kong Daily Press.

How to Fish. On many occasions one might imagine the fish saying to the anglers: "Take me while I am in the humor," but they take no notice of it, and often attempt the feat when they are not. It is little use trying to catch fish either in the sea or fresh water when they are not in the humor to bite.—Fishing Gazette.

Stomach troubles would more quickly disappear if the idea of treating the cause, rather than the effect, would come into practice. A tiny, inside, hidden nerve, says Dr. Shoop, governs and gives strength to the stomach. A branch also goes to the heart and one to the kidneys. When these "inside nerves" fail, then the organs must fail. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is directed specifically to these failing nerves. Within 48 hours after starting the Restorative treatment patients say they realize a gain. Sold by F. A. Morris.

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## FALL STYLES IN COLLEGE STUDENTS.



NEW YORK PRESS

There will be wide variety in the styles in college boys this fall, says the current issue of a fashion journal. The prevailing college student style, however, will show coats worn to the knees, with five or six vents, and cuffs to the elbows. Cuffs will also be worn on the trousers, the object being to expose the calf of the leg from the knee down, affording a cunning little peek at the garter. Stripes, wiggles and spots will constitute the modest patterns. Green and pale lavender hats, with trimming in the back and floppy brims, turning up and down, back and sideways, will be popular to cover the collegiate cranium.



GRANT'S LAST MESSAGE.

It Was Given Comrade Holbrook for the Boys in Blue.

"Tell them I love them as my own children and they are engraved on my heart."

That was Gen. Grant's last message to his "Boys in Blue," and it is stamped in the memory of a Dorchester man, says the Boston Globe. Nothing but death can efface it, for it was to this Grand Army veteran that the beloved hero of the country gave the words from his bedside during his last illness.

A. J. Holbrook, the retired postmaster of the Mattapan branch of the Boston post office, who lives at his old homestead at the corner of Dorchester avenue and Fuller street, Ashmont, is the person to whom the message was given.

That it may survive forever he has had it cut in the back of a silver dollar of the date of 1885, when the interview took place, and this medal is the most treasured possession of the old man. He would not part with the memento, he declares, for many thousands of dollars.

Mr. Holbrook saw the general in New York shortly before his death, when in the metropolis in reference to the publication of a history of Grant's life, in which he was interested. He tells of his visit to the general as follows:

"I went up from the hotel to Sixty-fourth street, where the general had his home at the time, and was ushered into the waiting room, where I was received by Col. Fred Grant, who, much to my dismay, said: 'I'm sorry you can't see the general to-day, as he is very sick and the doctor has given orders that no one can see him.'"

"I expressed my great sorrow, but made the best of it and asked to see the souvenirs that had been presented to the state by the general, and Col. Grant was pleased to extend this courtesy to me, as soon as some callers upon Mrs. Grant had been dismissed."

"Mrs. Grant was in the back parlor, and when we came in I was introduced to her and she began showing me the relics herself. I recognized some of the uniforms and spurs that the general had worn at Fredericksburg, where I was stationed very near him, and when Mrs. Grant opened the cabinet in which they were placed she confirmed my recognition. She then showed me souvenirs of the general's trip abroad, in which there were gifts from 19 different countries."

"When she had shown me these things I was about to leave, but I thought I would tell her of my wish to see the general, so I said: 'Mrs. Grant, did you know that no one has ever had such a grievous heart as not seeing Gen. Grant as I am going to see the 'Boys in Blue' soon, and I wished to see the general and take back a message directly from him.'"

"When she heard that I was going to camp Grant she told me to wait a minute, went upstairs, and then came down again with the words, 'The general wants to see you upstairs.'"

"So overcome was I at the thought that I was to see my commander after all, that I could hardly climb the stairs, but at last I was ushered into



Words Engraved on Silver Dollar.

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## THEY MADE IT REAL

Marjorie regarded her companion with frank curiosity. It was her first ride alone in an English railway train and she had heard many stories of gentlemanly looking persons who murdered men and women for their valuables.

But this clerical looking man in the seat across from her did not appear to be dangerous, and she settled herself to the book. It was less than two hours to Graham Towers. Surely nothing much could happen.

Then there came the noise of doors being shut and a porter in leather waistcoat held the door of her compartment invitingly open. Another porter threw in a kitbag, the door was shut and the train started. Tom Hadley sprang in the carriage.

When he saw Marjorie he turned to leave again, but the door was now locked and the train was slowly pulling through the yards. Tom went over to the other side of the compartment leaving a wide seat between them, and became immersed in the morning paper.

"My young friend, did you ever contemplate matrimony?" Marjorie's book fell to the floor with a crash. The clerical gentleman was staring at her from across the narrow passage with gleaming eyes.

"What is more beautiful to contemplate," he went on, "than the union of two loving hearts?" Tom's paper was flung into the opposite seat and he moved over beside Marjorie.

"You are annoying this young lady," he said, savagely. "Sit back in your seat and be quiet."

The clerical person regarded him with a sorrowful air. "My dear young friend," he said, shaking his head sadly. "Not for the world would I cause this fair daughter annoyance, but I cannot see her sit sorrowing when it is in my power to bring her great joy. For it is written that it is not good for man to be alone. You are married?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Tom.

"You are destined to be the spouse of this bride," explained the other. "Behold, she sobs weeping. I saw the tears in her eyes. They are for her sorrowing single state. Here and now we may make her happy. My children take each other's hands."

Tom looked up in search of the emergency call, but Marjorie caught him by the arm. "Don't," she whispered. "It would make such a scene. We must humor him until we come to a station."

"Time passes," reminded the madman, mildly. "You delay the service, my children."

"We have decided to wait until we reach the next station," began Tom, pleasantly. "If you will wait until we arrive there you may marry us in the waiting-room."

The mild blue eyes blazed and the placid features were contorted by anger. With a snarl the clergyman precipitated himself upon Tom.

The attack was so sudden that Hadley was taken unaware and his arms were kept at his sides while the long, slender fingers closed about his throat.

Marjorie could not pass the two men to reach the bell cord and for a moment she cowered in her seat, then she shook the clergyman by the shoulder.

"We do want to get married now," she said. "Please let him go so that the ceremony may be performed at once. Please, please stop."

The light of madness faded from the watery eyes and the suave, professional manner returned as he sank into the seat opposite and drew out a well-worn prayer book and opened it at the marriage service.

Once he began the words of the ritual, his entire manner changed. His face gained a new dignity and he read the beautiful words of the ceremony as Marjorie had never before heard it read.

She loved Tom. Only a foolish pride was keeping her from confessing her fault and granting forgiveness. This ceremony seemed so real that it affected her strangely.

The madman closed the book and beamed upon them.

"You will kiss the bride," he said, mildly.

For a moment Hadley hesitated, but Marjorie raised her full red lips to his and his arms went about her at their touch. One arm remained around her as he raised his head, and the clergyman regarded them approvingly.

"That is better," he announced. "It makes my one thousand five hundred and fiftieth marriage. We were just in time," he added, as the train began to slow down for a station.

Men in uniform appeared at either door of the carriage and one of them sprang inside to grapple with the madman. There was a sharp tussle, and he was borne struggling from the compartment.

A man with an air of authority lingered for a moment.

"Broke down from overwork," he explained. "Bainy about marrying. He's married the cook at the asylum to more than one hundred men. It's all right. A marriage without license or witnesses don't go, so don't be worried."

"I'm not worried—any more," explained Tom, as his hand closed over Marjorie's, and the smile she gave him assured him that all was well.

Offers a Reward of \$10,000. New York, Sept. 30.—Firm in his belief that evidence exists which if brought to light would bring about the arrest and conviction of his son's murderer, Henry Dexter, multi-millionaire, announced Tuesday that he would pay a reward of \$10,000 for such evidence. Mr. Dexter's son, Orlando, was shot from ambush on the Dexter estate in the Adirondacks in 1903.

When a prisoner prefers to go to prison in his own, rather than in a foreign, country, it shows that his patriotism survives, at least.

Try the Dispatch, \$1 a year.

## HOLES IN GLASS.

They Are Too Tiny to See, but Air Can Work Through Them.

Ordinary tumblers will hold water because the globules of water are too big to squeeze through the glass. But glass is as full of holes as a sponge, and air blows right through it because the specks of air are smaller than the holes.

Put a bell into a big globe of glass, seal up the vessel, pump out all the air, then ring the bell inside, and you hear nothing. There is not air enough in the globe to carry a sound. But lay the globe aside for a month or so, and, no matter how carefully you have sealed up the neck, you will find that you then can hear the bell when you ring it. Air has got into that globe. Enough anyway to carry a sound has leaked in through the substance of the glass.

The ordinary incandescent lamp is a glass globe with the air pumped out, and after a few months sufficient air leaks through to dim the light which comes from the thread of electrified charcoal inside.

We can make plenty of vessels to hold water, but nothing has been made which will hold air without any leakage. The air sneaks in through holes which are too small for the human mind to imagine.

In fact, everything leaks.—London Answers.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A Theory That It Will Come by Fire Caused by Friction.

As to the length of time the earth is likely to last, the calculations are that it will not cease to be active for a good many millions of years, such activity not, however, necessarily supposing that life as we know it now will always be possible, the eventuality of a universal ice age being always a contingency that may occur again in the history of the globe.

It is interesting to note that in this connection a Swedish mystic called Stromberg has declared that the world would never know another ice age, but that it was now running out its course to the end. Its existence, he declared, would endure as long as fire burned in the earth's bowels—that is, until the whole mass shall have become solidified. The internal fires, he said, provided the link which maintained the earth in the sun's sphere of attraction. When this attraction shall fail, the earth, according to the Swede, will cease to revolve and will fall away, only to disappear by fire caused by friction, thus verifying the Biblical prophecy. As, however, the process of cooling down entirely will take some billions of years, the nervous person will note that there is really no immediate cause for alarm.—New York World.

Pepsin, Saliva and Gastric Juice. Pepsin, the principal agent in the digestion of food, is a powerful solvent stored up in the walls of the stomach and only poured forth when its assistance is needed. When pure, this fluid is perfectly neutral, neither acid nor alkaline, and appears to be unable to exert any action without the presence of an acid. Such acid is supplied in the gastric juice, secreted by the gastric follicles covering the coating of the stomach. The saliva is merely for the purpose of moistening the food, thus preparing it for the action of the pepsin and gastric fluids.—New York American.

Shawls. An Indian or a Persian shawl used to be considered one of the finest feminine possessions in the world, and they were handed down from mother to daughter as prized heirlooms. But now if you gave a young woman even a very elegant shawl, costing possibly hundreds of dollars, as many did, she would turn up her beautiful nose at it and if she used it at all it would make a portiere out of it for her cosy corner. She would never think of wearing it, even if it were the only thing she had.—Argonaut.

That Voice. "Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper bell whose tones fall softly on the perfumed air. Speak again and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished into everlasting night."

After Marriage.—"I've had enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't shut up I'll leave the house."—London Globe.

His Glasses. Once that genial comedian Peter Dalley consulted an oculist about his eyes. His nose was small, and he couldn't keep on the glasses with which the oculist was trying to fit him. "You are not used to glasses, Mr. Dalley," said the oculist. "Oh, yes, I am," replied Mr. Dalley, "but not so high up!"

Wearing Apparel. Customs Officer (to woman traveler from the continent)—I thought you said, madam, there was nothing but wearing apparel in your trunk. What about these three bottles of cognac?

"Oh, those," said the lady, "are my night caps."—Tit-Bits.

Bulls. "Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to an audience of three, "as there is nobody here I'll dismiss you all. The performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated tomorrow evening."

Without danger danger cannot be surmounted.—Publius Syrus.

Woman Interrupts Political Speaker. A well dressed woman interrupted a political speaker recently by continuing to cough. If she had taken Foley's Honey and Tar it would have cured her cough quickly and expelled the cold from her system. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds and is a valuable possession. Refuse substitutes. John Taber, Cashier.

Goal for Sale. Coal always on the platform at the Duane mine 2 1/2 miles west of Canfield. Quality is guaranteed first class. Patrons get solicited.

JOHN MILLER & SON.

## OXEN BUILD THE RAILROADS.

As Well as Do Most of the Farmwork in Eastern Canada.

The ox as a beast of burden has about had his day with the American farmer. He is raised by wholesale, killed by wholesale and distributed through the world as beef, but he doesn't have to work.

Up in eastern Canada, however, he does a big stunt of work before he is eaten. In Nova Scotia, especially, oxen are still used for all sorts of farm work.

They plough the fields, haul the hay and apples and potatoes and cart in the firewood from the forests. They are slow, it is true, but there is time and to spare in those parts.

Of late the ox has been helping to build the railroads in Nova Scotia. He is found to be very useful in grading the roadbed, which calls for a lot of short haul work. The oxen are yoked in pairs and as many pairs can be used tandem as are necessary to any given job. They are patient and untiring.

Long Honey-moon. Marriage among Moslems in India is followed by other ceremonies. The bride with the bridegroom is taken back to her father's house after four days, then again she comes back to her husband's house after ten days' stay, and then after a stay of twenty days returns to her father's house for at least six months. Thus instead of having a short period of honeymoon they make it last almost a year.—Near East.

A Jury of Women. A Colorado woman ordered a dress and then refused to pay for it on the ground that it did not fit her. The dressmaker brought suit for the recovery of the amount, and the defendant evidently suffering from a temporary attack of mental aberration, demanded a jury of women. Of course, she lost her case.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mind and Matter. The power of ideas in producing and dissipating functional troubles is being more and more realized, and thus the treatment of such maladies is being attacked by the psychical route already long trodden deviously by the patent medicine vendor and mesmerist.—Hospital.

Belgian Fowls. The Belgians have a breed of fowls the feet of which they have shortened in order to lessen their powers of doing damage by scratching in gardens. They have another variety which have been denuded of tail feathers, that they may have a better chance of escaping from foxes.

A Curious Coincidence. It is a curious coincidence that Canada's greatest railroad man, Sir William Van Horn, is a native of the United States, and that the greatest railroad builder of the United States, James J. Hill, is a native of the Dominion.

Secrets. Here is an excellent rule to follow: Let's swap secrets. Never trust anyone with a secret who communicates one to you. If you do you may calculate upon yours being divulged to some other person.

Long Time Underground. Electric haulage has supplanted animal power in Comstock lode and 12 of the mules which were brought to the surface had not seen daylight for 20 years.

Glass Windows Scarce in Mexico. Glass windows are still scarce in the City of Mexico.

Guardians Administrators Executors and Trustees

Find a deposit account with this institution the most desirable investment for funds in their care. This